to Simla with bright hopes of a career above the ordinary who have seen their dreams slowly fade, as they sank to the level of the club gossip and the "peg" of forgetfulness. The women who have left Simla with lives never to run in their old untroubled courses again !

Simla in the autumn might indeed stand as the representation of the faded hopes of India ; and the jackals' weird cry at night as they howl round the khud is not more desolate than the cry of the men and women who sink down the hill disheartened to the arid plains beneath.